

NOVEMBER 1940

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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No. 11

The Massachusetts Audubon Society, calling attention to the fact that only Massachusetts and Connecticut are without official state birds, is taking a poll for the bird to be chosen by the Bay State. Let's all speak up.

If Sherman seventy-five years ago said war was hell, what would he call it now, with all the deadly devices science has given war to devastate, torture and destroy innocent men, women and children, to say nothing of soldiers mowed down by the thousands?

If you were a deer you would probably dread the open season when the hunter invades your forest haunts, not so much from fear of sudden death from his gun as from the fear of the fatal wound which, not killing, meant that you must crawl away mortally wounded, to suffer and die.

Was there ever a time in the history of our country when every voter was under a greater obligation to cast his ballot than now? It is no longer a question of party. What, as I can see it, is for the highest good of my country no matter what my party. The man or woman who can vote and won't should have the right taken away.

Dr. William A. Sutton, nationally known superintendent of schools in Atlanta, Georgia, announces the appointment of Miss Elise Boylston to have charge of humane education for the schools. He says: "It is the same type of work that she has been doing for the past two or three years, but I wish each teacher to know that she is authorized to organize humane education projects in the Atlanta public schools. I feel that we have received great benefits from the work done by Miss Boylston, and I wish to give it official recognition."

If all our large cities had a superintendent of schools as humane-minded as Dr. Sutton there would be far less need of prosecuting anti-cruelty societies in these communities.

The Fate of the Nation's Waterfowl

FROM official Government reports one learns, with sadness and surprise, that hunters themselves are responsible for a vast number of our waterfowl that annually disappear as wounded cripples, never recovered or retrieved by the hunter.

The report says, "The annual loss of crippled or unretrieved birds is a very serious drain on our waterfowl. A large percentage is the result of attempts to bag birds beyond the effective range of the gun." The report continues, "The fact cannot be ignored that it is dreadfully poor business to allow one-fourth of the total annual kill of waterfowl to be wasted in such fashion"—that is, hunters who are willing to fire at birds so far away that in all probability there is no chance of killing them, only of wounding them—to fly away and die ultimately.

In many cases birds have been supposed to die of starvation, but the report of which we speak says that "in one section 41 ducks, supposed to have died of starvation, were found and, after having been given critical laboratory examination, 20 were discovered to have died from lead poisoning; the remaining 21 birds had died from other causes but showed the characteristic lesions of lead poisoning."

In another section, of 123 dead mallards found, "while there was plenty of food in their crops this could not be digested because of paralysis of the muscles from lead poisoning. All but one of the 123 ducks contained shot. Although one gizzard contained 22 pellets, 55 others showed but one shot each," and it is becoming, we are told, increasingly evident that where starvation may be the immediate cause of death, the real cause, in many instances, is due to the poisoning from the lead that has entered the body. The hunter known as a "real sportsman" does not shoot at game unless he is reasonably sure he can kill and not just wound.

Trapped for Their Fur Annually in the United States

THE United States Department of the Interior has just published an elaborate pamphlet telling, as far as possible, the number of animals caught for their fur annually in the United States. The figures are accurate as far as it has been possible to make them so.

Twenty-three of the states, however, do not demand from trappers a report of the number of animals taken. In such cases the information has had to come largely from the dealers in fur. Some states require reports on only one or two species of animals, and in many cases persons trapping on their own land and boys under a certain age are not required to obtain licenses and therefore do not make reports. In some states that require reports the regulations are not very strictly enforced. Because of these conditions the information on the number of fur animals taken in the various states is scanty and, in some cases, not fully dependable.

Alabama, for instance, does not require trappers and fur dealers to report on the annual take or handling of fur, and therefore no information has been obtained from that state. In Indiana the state law requires only licensed fur buyers to report annually on the furs purchased. Kansas requires no trappers to make returns. That is true of Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana and many others. However, the total number which this Government Department has been able to estimate, without definite figures from twenty-three states, is 16,580,788.

In many states that require trappers to furnish annual reports, it is said that there are few instances where a very high return is obtained. The Department does not even attempt to make a guess at the number of animals destroyed for furs beyond those which it has been able to report. One can only imagine what the total number really must be.

Woodland Thanksgiving Prayer

KADRA MAYSI

*We are Thy quiet folk who haunt the wood
And only ask sufficiency and peace.
Save for defense or food, we shed no blood.
Were we tribunal, war and hate would
cease.*

*Give us again this year the fruit of tree
And bush and vine which Thou, in love,
hast made.*

*We ask no more than that the harvest be
For us to reap with hunger's busy blade.*

*We are content in our lowly life.
Count it for us, Lord of the Fruit and
Grain,*

*That bird and beast are innocent of strife
Which mars Thy handiwork with blood
and pain.*

An Animal Paradise

JOSEPH CROUGHWELL

A FRIEND of mine has a large farm in New York State. Bordering on his farm are many acres of heavy forest land which he also owns. On many of the trees are signs forbidding trespassing and hunting. My friend has had this property for many years and claims that there is more animal and bird life upon it than anywhere else in the surrounding neighborhood.

When I inquired from him why wild life is so abundant on his estate he answered: "Well, I guess the birds and animals realize that they are safe here with me. You see I have never harmed nor molested them; never brought suffering or death to animal or bird. I never could get any thrill out of hunting them. They go about minding their own business and I try to mind mine. Why, in the real cold winter months they come right to my door, deer and other animal life. They're hungry and the snows have covered up the food they might otherwise be able to secure. I feed them; have been doing it for many years. It costs me a little, but the pleasure of seeing these animals about all seasons more than makes up for the trouble and expense. The only season I don't like up here is the hunting season. I have to be on the alert most of the time to prevent hunters from trespassing on my property. Some of the hunters don't seem to be able to read signs, else they would not set foot on my land."

Here is a man living in an animal paradise with all types of animals to hunt and yet has never caused death or suffering to one of them. What a deal of comfort and satisfaction he must enjoy in protecting so many of nature's children!

Circus Trainer

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

*With whip and cartridge, short, clipped
word*

*He keeps the jungle beasts at bay,
While from the benches, feathered, furred,
A horde of savages at play
Shriek their pleasure in a roar
That echoes from the sawdust floor.*



THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OPOSSUM BY LEWIS MOORE, BURWELL, NEBRASKA, IS USED BY COURTESY OF N. Y. STATE NATURE ASSOCIATION, ALBANY, N. Y.

The Hunting Season Problem

MAY BAKER

IT has come again—the great, annual slaughter of the timid creatures of wood and field and stream. And, with it, the great annual nuisance as well. I say nuisance—for the fact cannot be denied—each year the hunters become more numerous, more bold and insolent of the farmers' rights.

No longer is this so-called "sport" limited to a few days nor to adult men. Even the fair sex are taking to the field, and school-boys of tender ages of twelve and fourteen are handling guns, endangering their own lives, as well as the lives of others with random shots.

More and more, the Saturday holiday from shops calls city men to enter the hunting lists. Ranging the fields and woods they slaughter, without mercy, any timid wild creature that gets within range. Even the ancient sport of archery has been revived. A recent issue of an illustrated periodical shows the picture of a lady (?) holding up in triumph the mangled form of a little cotton-tail, with the cruel length of arrow protruding from the tiny, furry body. Another one shows a wood-dove. An item from a Virginia paper gives the senseless account of the slaughter of a mother bear and her two cubs.

One of my neighbors does not like cats. He informed me, laughing, that he shot every cat that happened to cross his path, while hunting. "Most of 'em are strays, anyhow," he defended himself. "And they kill birds."

When I pointed out that even the best-cared-for cats like to stroll in the fields—and they kill birds only from natural hunger—he only remarked, callously, that they didn't get hungry after he met up with them. And he failed to give a good reason

why he goes over into a neighboring state each year to slaughter quail. (They are not on the game list in Ohio.) Apparently, he sees a difference between killing for hunger, and killing for sport.

Posting, apparently, does no good. We post both our farms, but hunters continue to run over our woods and fields just the same; and, on my Sunday afternoon stroll, I saw no evidence of rabbits or pheasants anywhere. The wood was significantly silent. Moreover, domestic animals are being maimed and wounded. Last year, one of our valuable Jersey cows was shot in the eye, and a neighbor lost three sheep. Robert Fenwick, Chardon, Ohio Farm Bureau director, was deliberately shot and critically wounded by one of three strange hunters whom he ordered from his property.

We are not selfish. City folks are invited to fish, swim, pick berries and enjoy a picnic dinner in the woods, during the summer and early autumn. But we have tried to save the timid little animals and birds, prohibiting both hunting and trapping. But our efforts seem to be in vain. We are wondering, in company with hundreds of other farmers, what, if anything, can be done about this serious problem.

A Haven of Rest

F. SAUNDERS

Many naturalists have wondered why some wild ducks fly South for the winter, while others remain in the North.

A lover of wild life, who resides in Portland, Maine, once stated his views on the subject.

"I know why wild ducks stay here all winter," he said. "It's because we offer them unlimited protection over in the Basin and even food, when they can't get it for themselves. As the guests of Portland, they know when they are well off."

Which is pretty close to the truth. Back Bay Basin, which is entirely within the city limits, has been a bird sanctuary for a number of years. Seldom do the Basin waters freeze completely over. But this happened, one winter, a few years ago. Shore ice piled high, and the ducks had no place to light or find food.

It was then that the city officials undertook the task of feeding the birds daily. Until the spring thaws came, large quantities of grain were distributed for the hungry "guests of Portland."

Back Bay Basin is encircled by the Baxter Boulevard. And in the later afternoons of autumn and winter, many motorists have paused to witness the thousands of black ducks that come flying in from the sea and inland waters, seeking a haven of rest and safety.

...

See page 167 for description of the Humane Calendar for 1941—entirely new, and unusually attractive.

"Fly Far, Wild Geese"

E. P. ROCKWELL

Fly far, wild geese in wedge of gray, fly far

*Across a continent to some clear lake
Beyond man's devastating hand and take
Abode on marshy point or hidden bar.
There rear your brood until in youthful
strength*

*They rise with raucous call to follow one
Who feels again the course so lately done
And pilots on undaunted by its length.*

Fly wise, wild geese in wedge of gray, fly wise

*Above the spew of train and factory stack,
And stifling city street where mingled cries
Of human kind fling upward in your track,
Above the waiting hunter's planned disguise.*

Fly wise, wild geese in wedge of gray, fly wise.

Phoebes' Nests Today

ROBERT B. PATTISON

IT has long been noticed that civilization changes nesting-sites. Formerly there were plenty of natural tree-holes for blue-birds and wrens, now they depend largely on houses made for them; with the abundant planting of dwarf spruces the grackles are now building in the high trees as once they did. Of all our common birds the nesting-places of the phoebes are very noticeably altered.

The old-time wooden bridges are forever gone, or going. Cement takes the place of their previous material and cement is smooth, too smooth for phoebes' nests to grip vertically, and the horizontal beams no more are available. Phoebes take delight in building over running water, even though many nests are built, and will continue to be built, on cottage beams and barn rafters when in the open.

Why then would it not be entirely feasible for contractors when erecting modern bridges for auto use, and there are hundreds of such in our country already, simply to place a daub of cement where it would never be seen by the passenger but where it would easily serve for a grip-point for the phoebe's nest? Would it be at all difficult to persuade bridge builders today thus to provide a suitable nesting-site for these lovable and useful birds? Much would depend on the personal interest of the builder in any case.

The need for this provision is evident to any bird-observer who has looked under bridges these last few years, hoping to see a phoebe's nest but confronted only by a smooth uninteresting cement wall. A letter to our bridge contractors would doubtless be sufficient.

Owners about to construct bridges on their private estates could very easily see to it that such a cement daub or a few wires were placed so as to provide the bird with such a site and himself with such a bird-friend on his property.

...

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request local editors to republish. Such copies will be made good by us upon application.

Where Trumpeter Swans Survive

MARGUERITE HUTCHINSON



TRUMPETER SWAN IN RED ROCK LAKES MIGRATORY WATERFOWL REFUGE, MONTANA

SEVERAL swift-flying trumpeter swans have been sighted at various points in the northwestern states. This beautiful species of wild life was believed to have become extinct.

According to a report of the wild-life service of the Interior Department, dated September 22, there are now known to be about 212 of this waterfowl in the country.

Seventy-eight trumpeter swans have been counted in Yellowstone National Park, and

128 in the Red Rock Lakes Migratory Waterfowl Refuge in Montana. Also, three swans were glimpsed in the National Elk Refuge in Wyoming, and three in Malheur Refuge in Oregon.

The trumpeter breeds in the north, but flies to the interior of the continent in the autumn. These great, white beauties are said to fly at the rate of over a hundred miles an hour.

Expert Mimicry

L. E. EUBANKS

The champion bird impersonator is the starling. The mocking-bird is louder, more pompous, and perhaps more original; but the starling is master of a great number of imitations, executes them more accurately, and has a better memory for exact sound.

Observing starlings in their boxes near his window, one bird-lover avers that almost all sounds seem to have registered themselves in the starling brain. He has heard reproductions of a hen's "announcement" after her laying of an egg, the call of a quail, the song of the wood peewee, the mew of kittens, and many, many others.

"Some of the more remarkable exhibitions," he says, "have extended to very special notes such as the immature chirp of young robins, as well as the clearer less throaty notes of the adults. One of the most interesting renderings was the portion of a whistled song by some boy, the whistled notes being delivered with surprising clearness."

To reproduce the staccato notes of a woodpecker and the tapping of his beak on a tree must be high-class mimicry indeed, and the starling is an adept at this imitation. Even though it may have been months since a certain sound was heard, the starling still remembers, as is proved in his imitation of migratory birds long after their departure.

A Bird that Hums but Never Sings

ALETHA M. BONNER

LIKE a jewel upon the tilted honey-suckle horns"—Thus did Riley, the American poet, describe an all-American bird, which all America chooses to call a "hummer."

This petite jewel on wings has permanent setting in the floral diadem of varied sections of the country, and whether ruby-throated or black-chinned, whatever its species, and there are some five hundred, the bird is a treasured friend of the human family; being highly respected for its service in ridding flower-gardens, lawns and parks of insect pests.

Such a statement indicates that, contrary to the belief of many poetic-minded persons, the diet of the tiny fellow, who seems ever on the wing, is not limited to "nectar sipped from the flowers," but includes the more substantial insect-viands found in Nature's open-air cafeteria.

It must be admitted, however, that the hummingbird does get some of its vitamins from the sweets of flowers; and as it dips its long, slender bill into a deep-cupped blossom, and with its double-tubed tongue sips up the delicacies within, whether honey or bug tid-bits, it unwittingly assists Nature's economic program of plant fertilization, as particles of pollen adhere to its

beak and body and are in turn transferred to other plants with productive results.

It is in its poised position over a flower, too fragile to bear the bird's weight, that the marvelous wing-power of the hummer is best observed. On second thought, "observed" seems hardly the word to choose in describing the whirl and whiz of wings that beat with a rapidity no human eye can follow: hence such lightning-like action forms a sort of "misty halo" about the bird.

The vibration of these fast-fluttering wings sounds forth a droning hum, and likewise gives name to the miniature (three-and-a-half-inch) feathered motor. The remarkable wing-control is further emphasized by the fact that the bird can fly *backward* as well as forward, a feat indeed! It darts upward, drops downward, in pursuit of an agile insect, or seemingly *stands* suspended in mid-air, with only the misty wings a-whirl.

Master Hummer has no singing voice, though in the springtime when his fancy turns to some lady-love, he makes a heroic effort—yet only a high-pitched squeak is heard. The sound pleases him, as well as charms the fluffy lady of his choice, and the scale of squeaks is sounded over and over.

Such twitterings of love are turned into rasping screeches when the small chap is angry, and though a midget in size he has a stout heart and will gamely attack a larger bird if the occasion demands. Of course this small David does not exactly "slay" the "Goliaths of birdland," but many of the giants take to their wing-heels!

The home of Madame Hummer is a tiny cup-shaped cottage, rather hard to find, since it is swung beneath a tangle of leaves to a stout twig. Dainty in every detail, as is its little mistress, the nest is lined with plant-down, with an outer wall of fine moss stuccoed with spider webs. Not more than two eggs, of snow-flake whiteness, have place in the feathered apartment; later in the season the eggs disappear and two infinitesimal babies blink and squeak and bring happiness to the tiny mother-hummer's heart.

To human beings the hummingbird may ever point a moral—it has not the strength of the eagle, nor the song of the mockingbird, yet not a feather droops through lack of these endowments, but with dignity and dispatch it fills its own small niche in Nature's workshop, and keeps "forever on the wing!"

If Winter Came

BUENA SOWELL

Good-bye, good-bye, O mockingbird,
You tarry over long.
I wonder if your instinct knows
That I shall miss your song,
That I shall miss your feathered form
When you have flown away
To join the other summer birds.
And, tell me, do you stay
A trifle longer than your friends
Upon this bleak bare tree,
Sensing the void within my heart,
To keep me company?
I wonder, too, if winter came
To me if I could find
A sacrificing human friend
In all this world so kind.

A Much-Maligned Bird

WILLIS MEHANNA

THE red-shouldered hawk, generally called the chicken hawk, is much more useful than his common name connotes. I have lived only half a mile from this hawk's nesting quarters for fifty years and do not know of a single instance of his getting



chickens. However, it might be possible, for he surely could if he desired to. I think he is far too shy to venture near enough to farmsteads to catch poultry. His habitat is in big timber near streams and he lives on frogs, crawfish, small snakes, mice and rabbits. Therefore, he is the farmer's friend.

But he is of special use to farmers in districts of New Mexico and Oklahoma where the past year, great hordes of grasshoppers were taking the crops. In some localities flocks of a thousand of these hawks came and devoured the grasshoppers, greatly lessening the damage done by them and frightening many away for the grasshopper is intelligent for so small a creature. In these localities a hunter had better not let a farmer see him shoot a hawk.

The red-shouldered hawk has a grayish appearance, his upper parts being gray brown edged with red. The tail is dark with white cross-bars and white tip. The underparts are somewhat lighter colored; the wing feathers gray with white and black bars. This bird nests high in big trees and the nest contains from three to five white eggs with brown spots on them. In spite of many enemies, including man, this hawk seems not to be in danger of extinction.

Don't fancy that you will lower yourselves by sympathy with the lower creatures; you cannot sympathize rightly with the higher, unless you do with those.

RUSKIN: "The Two Paths"

The Great Auk

SYDNEY MOORHOUSE, F. R. G. S.

IN the museum at Strasbourg, France, there is a strange stuffed bird which represents the only known specimen of an American great auk known to exist in the world. Other museums have their great auks, but the majority of these are from Iceland where it had its last habitat.

History retains many records of creatures which once lived on this earth and are now extinct, but of these none has a story more linked up with misunderstanding and wrongful slaughter than has the great auk. About the same size as an ordinary domestic goose, the bird resembled a penguin in many respects.

Although possessed with wings, the great auk was without the power of flight but it was a remarkably good swimmer and diver, using its wings as paddles when propelling through the water.

It would seem that at one time the great auk was fairly common over a range extending from Greenland to Virginia on the American shores of the North Atlantic and from Iceland to the Bay of Biscay on the east, the chief headquarters being on the western side. However, a persecution which lasted for over two hundred and fifty years led to its first becoming extinct in America, so that for many years Iceland was its sole remaining resort.

The greatest breeding-ground of the great auk was Funk Island, off the coast of Newfoundland, and when the Cabots, who first reached Newfoundland from the Eastern Hemisphere, arrived back in England they made reference to the black and white birds with their large beaks which they had found everywhere in the north. In 1534, Jacques Cartier, the great French explorer, reported that his men had killed over a thousand of these birds in a single day in one spot on the shore of the American continent and that there were enough left alive to have filled forty rowing boats, and another sailor told of his men killing two boatloads of great auks with their bare hands in less than half an hour.

Although some of the birds were killed for food purposes, it appears that a great many were killed for mere killing's sake and soon the great auk was rapidly diminishing in numbers. The senseless slaughter went on and so sometime about the beginning of the last century—the exact date is unknown—the last bird on the American Continent was killed. Indeed, when Wilson and Lucian Bonaparte wrote the first scientific ornithology of North America, in 1820, they failed to mention the great auk.

Meanwhile the work of destruction had also been going on in Europe and soon the reefs off the coast of Iceland were the only places where great auks could be found breeding. As soon as this fact became known museum authorities and private collectors offered large sums of money for the skins and eggs of the now rare sea-birds and thus was the destruction hastened.

The end came on June 4, 1844, when the last pair were killed and the solitary egg destroyed. In his efforts to preserve evidence of a most interesting bird, man had finally succeeded in wiping out the race conclusively so that today only a few skins represent this quaint bird.

The Old Horse in the Country

ALICE DICKINSON ROBINSON

Day is a furrow to cut, a load to haul;
The chafe of breeching, jerk and slap of rein;
A field where halt with spavin, lame with gall,
I plod till sunset through forbidden grain.
Night is a shaft of darkness sun to sun;
A bed of straw, a bin of hay and oats:
The stable calm, the sweating harness slung,
The breath of cows, the lazy snore of shoats.
Youth is a lively hoof, an arching neck,
A supple mouth hard taught to hold the bit.
Age is a leathery hide, a loosened check:
The blinker gone . . . the eyes gone blind from it.
Death is a lane beyond the stable door
Where crupperless and free from thill and neap,
My tail untied to switch forever more,
I roll at last beneath the stars and leap
Toward Heaven, a field of millet, ribboned blue
With water running past a ferny bed . . .
In Heaven a horse may sleep. The iron shoe
Hangs in the barn for luck when the old are dead.

A Code for Sportsmen

1. Never in sport endanger human life.
2. Never kill wantonly, or needlessly or brutally.
3. Obey the laws of state and nation, work for better laws, and uphold the enforcing authorities.
4. Respect the rights of farmers and property owners and also their feelings.
5. Always leave seed birds and game in cover.
6. Discourage the killing of game for commercial purposes by refusing to purchase trophies.
7. Study and record the natural history of game species in the interest of science.
8. Never throw down a lighted match, or cigarette. Put out your camp fire.
9. Love nature and its denizens and be a gentleman.

A Canary's Long Flight

INCREDIBLE as it may appear, there is ample proof that a tiny canary flew from San Diego to Los Angeles, a distance of over 125 miles. The story of the bird's long flight, originally chronicled in the *Tribune-Sun*, San Diego, of August 22, has been fully verified.

When Mrs. Edith Arris moved to Los Angeles, where she had formerly lived with her eight-year-old canary named "Pat," she left the bird in care of Mrs. Lillian Williams of San Diego. In mid-July the bird escaped from its open cage and disappeared. After a few days it was given up for lost. But such was not to be its fate. Its homing instinct gave strength sufficient to fly the long trail.

About two weeks later Pat was picked up in Los Angeles by a kindly woman only a few blocks away from his former home. Bruised and weakened after his heroic ordeal, he was taken to a pet shop for treatment. A few days later Mrs. Arris visited the shop on an errand for her neighbor and had her attention called to the crippled bird. Recognition was mutual between Pat and his mistress.

Complete identification was assured almost instantly by an old scar on one of the bird's legs caused by injury. One can but imagine the joy of the brave little canary and his owner in being reunited.

Deer vs. Automobilists

While many of the sportsmen who spend their vacations or week-ends tramping through the forests of northern California in search of deer are finding it hard picking, the automobilists who merely wish to go places are being menaced by these same deer. Game Warden Earl Hiscox of Grass Valley says that more deer are killed by automobiles than by hunters in his territory. He estimates that during the past year about one hundred and twenty deer were killed by cars on the Tahoe-Ukiah highway, with the record standing at six in one night on the road near Nevada City, California. Perhaps if hunters carried dazzling headlights to confuse their prey they could compete more successfully with mere travelers. But would that be sport—to say nothing of sportsmanship. E. B. T.

Tribute to Mrs. Kendall

IN connection with the dedication of memorial tablets to Mrs. M. Jennie Kendall and Roscoe F. Proctor with suitable exercises before a large company in the Proctor Cemetery for Animals at Nashua, N. H., September 29 last, the *Telegraph* of that city carried this leading editorial:

Dedication of memorial tablets to M. Jennie Kendall and to Roscoe F. Proctor at the Animal cemetery was a fitting tribute.

It recalled the long years of unremitting vigilant effort made by Mrs. Kendall, of a real crusader spirit, in the battle against cruelties to animals (and unfortunate children as well) which placed her in the front rank of humane workers in this state.

Her energy and effort led Mr. Proctor, himself an ardent advocate for enforcement of humane laws, to give the land for its unique purpose, a burial place for family pets. It is the only one of the kind in the state; at the time of its establishment, one of the very few in the country.

The grand life work of Mrs. Kendall carries on. The lot of all animals hereabouts is better, the sympathy and concern of all of us in cases of neglect and cruelty to children is sharper because of her unceasing struggle.

These tablets to Mrs. Kendall and to Mr. Proctor in this cemetery for animals are tokens of appreciation therefor in enduring stone and metal.

Besides serving a long term as president of the New Hampshire Humane Society, Mrs. Kendall was for many years a director of the American Humane Education Society.

New Style Calendar

The 1941 Humane Calendar is of an entirely new design, with colored picture of a boy and a dog, 8 x 10 inches, and a straight pad, 2½ by 4½ inches, all mounted on a light green cardboard, 11 x 16 inches, mailed flat. Price, 15 cts. each; six for 80 cts.; 12 for \$1.50, postpaid. It is the most attractive calendar we have ever put out, and is a product of the nationally known Osborne Company. Special prices to Societies wishing their own imprint, if orders are received at once. Address, American Humane Education Society, Boston.



MRS. DAPHNE SAMS OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, ENGLAND, AND SOME OF HER SHETLAND PONIES
(From a "Globe Photo" taken before the present war)

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

GUY RICHARDSON, Editor

WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

NOVEMBER, 1940

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals*, are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 600 words nor verse in excess of twenty-four lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

The Unlicensed Dog

OUR readers will remember the editorial in a former issue telling the sad story of what roaming and unrestrained dogs are doing, especially in the western part of Massachusetts, in destroying deer and particularly fawns. The situation is a grave one, and some remedy the humane people of the state are hoping to find.

There is no doubt that the unlicensed dog is responsible for much of this, as well as the people who may allow their licensed dogs to run at liberty. Apparently there is no law by which a warden or a police officer can shoot on sight any dog worrying or destroying what are known as wild game, though this power is given them if the animals are worrying or injuring neat cattle, sheep or other domestic animals.

The unlicensed dog is a problem. There are issued in Massachusetts something over 200,000 dog licenses and, from the best information that can be obtained, it is estimated that there are as many more, probably, unlicensed dogs. It is up to the dog officer of the various towns and counties to see that dogs are licensed, but many of these officials are indifferent to the whole matter and the law is not enforced. In some, the majority of the dogs undoubtedly are licensed. In certain of the other counties the situation is far different.

Of course, something must be said for some people who fail to obey the law which insists that every dog have a license. Many of these people love their dogs but feel they cannot afford to pay the license fee, and so, in some cases, resort to every possible method to conceal the fact that they have a dog and in other cases simply pay no attention to it and the dog officer never makes any investigation.

In Massachusetts the dog tax is two dollars for males and spayed females and five dollars for females. This tax varies in different states.

C. E. Harbison, kennel editor of the Conde Nast Publications, Inc., New York City, says that there were 3,378,553 dogs licensed in 47 states last year, and that there were several times that number of unlicensed dogs.

The Horse Still in War

THE following interesting editorial is taken from *The Boston Herald* of October 3, 1940:

"In France and the low countries, the German mechanized forces did the spectacular work, but the first fighting units to enter Paris were heavy artillery and the guns were drawn by horses. There will never be another 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' but the future will provide its Sheridans and its Stuarts.

"The horse can go where tanks cannot. All depends on the work to be done and the terrain. With its network of roads, Northern Europe offered a perfect field for Hitler's war machines. But in wild and open country, in heavily-wooded areas, in mountainous regions, the horse is irreplaceable.

"Our War Department plans, therefore, for the most powerful cavalry force in our history. We are to have at the start two divisions, each of 9,500 men and 600 officers, with 8,000 horses and 800 motor vehicles. Each will have 715 machine-guns, and more than 1,000 guns of various other types, and 9,500 pistols and 4,000 rifles. The cavalry may travel by truck to spots where needed and, on arrival, go into action."

From an official statement, made before a committee of the House of Representatives in March last, we find the following:

"Mechanized cavalry is valuable and an important adjunct but is not the main part of the cavalry and cannot be. Our cavalry is not the medieval cavalry of popular imagination but is cavalry which is modernized and keeping pace with all developments. We are particularly fortunate in having great resources both in horses and motors. There are more than 10,000,000 horses in this country and the motor industry is conceded to be the greatest in the world."

Of further interest is the following from the *Chicago Tribune*, September 17:

"The United States army is to purchase 19,802 animals to augment the 17,000 now in service. The increase is to be financed by a request for \$3,396,340 under a bill now pending before Congress.

"The decision to augment the horse cavalry was made after careful study of Nazi tactics in Poland, the Low Countries and France. In Poland the German forces used large numbers of horse cavalry and horse-drawn artillery to operate against the Polish army, which was composed of 25 per cent horse cavalry.

"In the invasion of Holland and Belgium it has been estimated that the Germans employed from 10 to 15 regiments of horse cavalry, or about 15,000 to 22,500 mounted troops.

"The Germans rely heavily on the horse for transport, even though the army is highly mechanized. It has been estimated by military experts that more than a million horses were engaged in transport service in the campaign against France."

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Write for terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels.

From England

A LETTER from the assistant secretary of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in London has asked if we would reproduce in our magazine the program of the broadcasts that are being made daily from England. This we are glad to do and here it is:

5.45 P.M., E.S.T. News in English and topical talks, "Canada Calls from London," including talks and newsletters in English and French arranged by the Overseas Unit of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

7.45 P.M., E.S.T. News in French.

8 P.M., E.S.T. News in English.

8.15 P.M., E.S.T. "Starlight" (Stars of the British stage and screen).

8.30 P.M., E.S.T. "Britain Speaks."

8.45 P.M., E.S.T. Headline News and Views.

10 P.M., E.S.T. "Within the Fortress."

10.30 P.M., E.S.T. "Radio Newsreel."

11.15 P.M., E.S.T. "Britain Speaks" repeat.

11.30 P.M., E.S.T. News summary in English.

The program is well received in North America on GSD, 11.750 kc/s, in the 25-metre band, and on GSC 9.580 kc/s in the 31-metre band, and after 9.30 P.M., E.S.T., on GSL, 6.810 kc/s, in the 49-metre band.

Not for Love of Animals

There is a sect in India known as the Jains. They number about 1,200,000 people, and, in telling about them, John Gunther, in his book entitled "Inside Asia," says that if one of these people should chance to kill an animal, even a tiny bug of some sort, he would turn, after death, into that bug for several hundred generations. "Because of this," Mr. Gunther continues, "a Jain may not eat before sunrise or after sunset for fear of swallowing an insect in the dark; they wear white gauze strips over their mouths during the day as a similar precaution. Most Jains carry a small brush with which to dust places when they sit down, so that they may not inadvertently squash an ant or other insect."

Some such fear might be useful in the rest of the world for the protection of animals, even if it was not done out of any love for them.

Bugs and Beetles

There are more than 700,000 kinds of insects known in the world, of which 75,000 kinds flourish in North America and 6,500 kinds are injurious to agriculture. Insects outnumber most, if not all, the living groups of living organisms in species and kinds and they directly and indirectly affect people, animals and plants. It costs America more than one and one-half billion dollars annually to support the insects helping themselves to our property. Man has domesticated only two insects so far for his own profit—the honeybee and the silkworm.

Insects are man's greatest competitor for success, prosperity and health because they kill our animals, spread disease germs and destroy our crops and other property. Research reveals that more people have been killed by insects that distribute disease germs than have been killed in all our wars.

—National Nature News



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SEPTEMBER REPORT OF THE OFFICERS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A., WITH HEADQUARTERS AT BOSTON, METHUEN, SPRINGFIELD, PITTSFIELD, ATTLEBORO, WENHAM, HYANNIS, WORCESTER, FITCHBURG, NORTHAMPTON, HAVERHILL, HOLYOKE, ATHOL, TAUNTON, COVERING THE ENTIRE STATE

Miles traveled by humane officers . . .	15,559
Cases investigated	254
Animals examined	6,407
Animals placed in homes	217
Lost animals restored to owners . . .	74
Number of prosecutions	4
Number of convictions	4
Horses taken from work	19
Horses humanely put to sleep	43
Small animals humanely put to sleep .	2,363
Horse auctions attended	12
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	63,480
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	20

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

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HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355
 53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR SEPTEMBER

At 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

Cases entered in Hospital	822
Cases entered in Dispensary	1,990
Operations	354

At Springfield Branch, 53 Bliss Street

Cases entered in Hospital	201
Cases entered in Dispensary	620
Operations	119

At Attleboro Clinic, 3 Commonwealth Ave.

Cases entered	81
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Totals

Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	186,902
Dispensary Cases	470,424
Total	657,326

Holyoke Branch, M. S. P. C. A.

Steady progress during the summer in the work of the Holyoke Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. is indicated in the report of the president, Mrs. Aaron C. Bagg, for the period from May 1 to October 1. During this time Dr. Trudeau, veterinarian for the Branch, handled more than 900 dogs and cats in addition to turtles, fowl, pigeons, squirrels, foxes and many varieties of birds.

The work is growing and the local shelter is filling a definite need. An urgent effort is being made to double the membership in order to extend the influence of the Branch and to secure financial help.

The cruel abandonment of a cat is a criminal offense under Massachusetts law. It is provided for in Chapter 272, Section 77 of the Revised Statutes.

Auxiliaries of Mass. S. P. C. A.

Women's Auxiliary of the Mass. S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. GEORGE D. COLPAS, Ch. Work Com. First Friday.

Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. MORTON B. MINER, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT T. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. EDITH WASHBURN CLARKE, Pres.; MRS. JOHN HAMILTON CLARKE, Treas.

Dogs and the Law

THE question which follows regarding the dog's legal status in Massachusetts is answered by Dr. Rudolph H. Schneider, ass't chief of staff of the Angell Animal Hospital:

Question:

My dog was hit by an automobile the other day, was knocked down and had his leg broken. The driver was going so fast that he could hardly have stopped to avert the accident, had he seemed to try, and it was just a miracle that I, myself, escaped being struck. The man continued right on as though nothing had happened, without stopping to inquire as to whether the dog was hurt, or offering a helping hand, but I got his number. I am well able to stand the expense of having the dog properly attended to, but I cannot understand anyone's being so inhuman as to run away after striking an animal, and if they did why they could not be punished. I would like to know if such a person could be prosecuted for the offense.

Answer:

A dog, licensed or unlicensed, is property in the eyes of the law. Consequently when a hit-and-run driver injures one he is just as liable to prosecution as though he were to leave the scene of an accident after damaging other property, or injuring a person for that matter, which is a situation some automobile drivers do not appreciate. Although the penalty inflicted may not be excessively severe, the court can impose a fine or imprisonment, or both. It is further to be observed that any person convicted may not be much embarrassed by the penalty imposed, yet it might be a serious thing when reminded of the fact that the driving license can also be temporarily revoked for such violation of traffic regulations.

This is as it should be when man's deeds do not reflect his intuitive sense of kindness, justice and the observance of the golden rule.

In Praise of Ourselves

From three letters, all written late in August, 1940, representing three extreme sections of our country, we copy these brief comments:

Maine

"I think this is one of the best magazines in the United States. I can't praise it too highly. I'm a great reader too, so am capable of judging. If your magazine were read by all the people instead of so much trash which they peruse, the influence on humanity would be far better.

Florida (Periodical)

"We greatly appreciate your publication coming to our table and find it not only interesting but instructive. Often there are items that we can use in our publication that could not be secured from any other source."

California

"I have greatly enjoyed every number of your excellent magazine. I have saved them all and will bind them into a book—not to put away but to keep on my library table for guests to read."



Founded by Geo. T. Angell Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Dr. Wm. F. H. Wentzel, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1940

Number of Bands of Mercy formed,	78
Number of addresses made,	166
Number of persons in audiences,	26,526

For Retired Workers

WE are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

Humane Education in India

An Extraordinary Band of Mercy

IN 1937 we received a letter from an unusually fine young man in India, greatly interested in animal welfare. His name was S. C. Batra. He was vouched for by a Yale professor who had spent some weeks with him in that far-off country. In this same year Mr. Batra founded what was known as the Band of Mercy Council. That the work has grown with unusual rapidity is evidenced by the following letter just received from him and which he sent out widely over certain sections of India:

Egerton Road, Amritsar
8th June, 1940

Dear B. M. Friends,

At this time when the world is trembling under the boom of guns, the ideals of Band of Mercy, which stand for justice, kindness, good will and peace are facing a perilous ordeal. The victory of the ruthless force means the death-signal of our creed, which we believe is dearer than our lives. In this grave hour an inward call of duty comes and urges us to uphold the torch of light in the darkness.

How Can You Help?

(a) By the strength of your prayers, firmness of your will, and confidence in those who are fighting for us.

(b) By checking the alarm and panic that comes in a surge in the minds of masses by peaceful means.

(c) By enrolling yourself and others in the Band of Mercy Volunteers Corps, which is going to be raised up for Active Service in India.

May I appeal to all the Presidents of our Bands to hold Band of Mercy prayer meetings on the 15th June exact at 7:30 A.M. and let our five thousand members pray as one body at the same time. The copies of the prescribed prayers are enclosed herewith. It has been arranged to hold a special prayer meeting at Amritsar in the evening of the same day at 6:30 P.M. at the Clark Memorial Hall on the Post Office road.

Yours sincerely,

S. C. BATRA

The prayer, to which Mr. Batra refers, has been sent us both in English and in Hindustani, the English of which we reproduce:

O God, the Father of all mankind who has drawn us together in a great bond of fellowship known as "Band of Mercy," give us, we beseech Thee, a heart full of mercy towards all creatures that we may have the vision of a world without war and of mankind at peace. And at this time of war be now and ever more our defense, and grant us Victory, if it be Thy will. Hasten, O Father, the time when war shall cease in all the world and we, as children of one Father, may love one another as brethren in one home. Amen.

A Question for Today

*Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year.*

TENNYSON

The Fondouk at Fez

ALL of the readers of this magazine, who have been interested in the work of the American Fondouk in Fez, will be glad to know that this work is still going on without interruption, though we have at the moment no report for the last few weeks of the daily service rendered. The financial need is the same as it has been, and our hope is that the generous friends of that work will continue their annual contributions.

Any further news that may come from Fez we shall gladly give our readers in following issues of the magazine.

To Be a Jew in Germany

In a sermon delivered by Rabbi Aaron H. Lefkowitz of Cumberland, Maryland, he stated that the day following November 7, 1938, the date when the seventeen-year-old young Polish Jewish emigre shot the 3rd Secretary of the German Embassy in Paris, that pogroms throughout the Reich, lasting from 2 A.M. to 4 P.M., resulted in the destruction of 520 synagogues, the arresting of thousands of Jews who were sent to concentration camps, and damage to Jewish property in Berlin estimated at some \$5,000,000; and an atonement fee put upon the Jewish population of Germany of one billion marks.

Over against this, one must place the statements of great Christian preachers like Holmes, Fosdick, Niebuhr and others who have said that Christianity must fight anti-Semitism if it expects to save itself from Paganism.

The Lowly Mole

A writer in *The Kind Deeds Messenger* has a good word for the often-maligned little mole. We are told that the gardener who tramples on the tiny raised place through which the mole, underground, has been passing, is killing a creature that is actually his friend—that instead of eating the roots of his plants the mole eats the grubs and worms that attack the roots of the plants, so that he should be protected rather than destroyed. It seems that in France there is a fine imposed for killing even one of these small creatures.

As we all know, the fur of the mole is exquisitely beautiful and they are slaughtered in great numbers to provide a coat for milady. It takes over three hundred of these little creatures to make one mole-skin coat.

Four Hundred Years Ago

Nearly four hundred years before the first society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was formed, the famous French writer, Montaigne, wrote the following:

"For my own part I cannot without grief see so much as an innocent beast pursued and killed that has no defense, and from which we have received no offense at all; and that which frequently happens that the stag we hunt, finding himself weak and out of breath and, seeing no other remedy, surrenders himself to us who pursue him, imploring mercy by his tears."

A Little Dog Wonders

MYRTLE BLASSING

*Why did they bob my tail? God gave
A little dog a tail to wag.
That was the way I said "Hello,"
And told folks that I loved them so.*

*I wonder why they cut my ears?
God gave me ears to talk with, too:
Now I can't drop them when I'm sad,
Nor lift them when I'm feeling glad.*

*I love my folks just as they are,
But they, I guess, found flaws in me,
For they have changed me from the way
God meant a little dog to be.*

Bird and Animal Migration

M. H. MORGAN

WHILE there seems to be an as yet unknown primal urge back of the migration of birds and animals, other than that of food, yet the movement of large bodies of finny, furred and feathered tribes is mainly that of safety and provision. Men build homes and stock pantries and basements when possible; some animals do the same, while others hibernate during bitter winters; but there still remain vast hordes of birds and beasts which do none of these things, and these creatures must follow the clock—south in fall; north in spring.

The caribou leave their Arctic Ocean "stamping grounds" and move down into Hudson Bay country, where it is still possible to uncover the life-giving moss. Mountain sheep, goats and other grass or grain feeders seek lower levels when the snows come, where at least a modicum of shelter and food still exist; and just as the herbivorous creatures leave mountain-top retreats in their food quests, so the carnivorous, desiring the warm life-blood of such animals, follow them down for meat.

Certain routes are of course observed in these passages of both animals and birds, and the speed of travel in the fall, particularly, must not exceed the ability of the young to maintain it. However, the old birds are more or less worn out with the summer's care of their nestlings, and it is probably necessary to restrain rather than encourage the young birds. They are drilled beforehand, captains are selected, each with his aides, and the unit is divided into groups, each of which is responsible to the older and leading males in front, who have been over the route before.

With the majority of the birds, their organization is systematized, and they follow well-established "trunk-lines"—mountain ranges and rivers that run north and south; the sea coast, etc., but there are a few classes of happy-go-luckies that travel as the spirit moves them, stopping to eat wherever they find provision, and reaching destination after awhile. And there are certain families of birds that fly the ocean, out of sight of land. What guides them is not yet known.

However, most birds follow a clear-cut route, reaching a destination suited to them, thousands of miles, perhaps, from summer feeding grounds. Up and down the coasts of Central and South America they range, even as far south as the Falkland Islands.

A Dog's Life in War

E. R. YARHAM, F. R. C. S.



THE use of dogs in war is not new. Modern weapons have rendered them useless as fighters, but in Greek and Roman days they were armed with spiked collars as auxiliary armaments to teeth and jaws, and trained to attack soldiers and the enemy's chariot horses, as well as acting as defensive bodyguards. They were used for offensive purposes till the invention of firearms, when their function became defensive. As sentries they were unsurpassed—and they still are—their keen senses making them invaluable to the human watcher.

Frederick the Great of Prussia trained dogs for that purpose and so did Napoleon. In the Crimean War Russian guards were aided by dogs, and both sides in the American Civil War used them for protection. France and Italy found them valuable in North Africa and they were employed by both belligerents in the Russo-Japanese War. In 1914 Russia had a considerable number of dogs and France had some trained for ambulance work.

It was left to Germany to prove dogs had war capabilities beyond those of sentry and guard duties. Its army trained them for ambulance, ammunition, and despatch work (the dogs carried special pouches and were taught to keep close to the ground in shelled areas), and when the World War broke out it had a decided advantage over its opponents. In Britain the man who constantly urged the value of war dogs was Colonel Richardson, a noted trainer of police dogs. He was led to take an interest in the subject when he accidentally overheard part of a conversation on a Scottish moor.

The speakers were a shepherd and a well-set-up stranger. The latter was a German officer over in Britain buying dogs for his Government, who remembered the value Frederick the Great placed on Scottish collies. Later Colonel Richardson visited war dog training schools in Berlin, Leningrad, Istanbul, etc. But it was not until the war was half over, and as the outcome of urgent representations from British officers in France, that a war dog training school was

set up at Shoeburyness. There large numbers of dogs of many breeds were put through their paces, taught to ignore lines of firing infantry, to negotiate shell-holes, and to pass through gas. Five weeks was the average time taken to train a dog of good intelligence.

The French found dogs could replace soldiers for liaison and revictualing purposes, and that they were invaluable when telephonic and telegraphic communication broke down. A society formed to train dogs for war was under the patronage of General Mordacq, who was responsible for the formation of the "Dogs' Company" during the World War. In charge of Commandant Malric, this company rendered signal services, but unfortunately was later disbanded, and the military kennels at Satory fell into disuse.

When in training, dogs are first taught to run direct to their kennels after release, over unencumbered ground. They are made much of and given tid-bits. Gradually the distance is increased and obstacles are introduced—but the aim is the same, to get the dogs to make a bee-line for home. A dog can be taught to run miles at top speed, taking all obstacles along the way. The dogs get to know their trainer intimately, and he takes them to the front. Even their kennels are collapsible, for the dogs get greatly attached to them, and when taken to the scene of the fighting the kennels go too. Each dog has a service sheet, whereon is recorded any outstanding feat and also any lapses from duty or discipline. Thus the fitness of a dog for any particular task is at once obvious.

In France the dogs performed numberless heroic deeds, and it was found they were far more certain of getting through a danger area than a man, and were many times as quick. Tests were made and these proved a dog took on the average 25 minutes for a journey which took a man 150 minutes. Often they struggled on, badly wounded. One dog brought news of the capture of Vimy Ridge, and more than once

messages brought by dogs enabled help to be sent to hard-pressed soldiers.

A famous war dog was "Rags," attached to the 1st Division, U. S. Expeditionary Force. He was given a soldier's funeral at Washington in 1936. Rags went through the Meuse-Argonne campaign, carrying messages through shell-torn and gas-hung sectors until he and his master, Private Donovan, were wounded and gassed together, and the dog lost the sight of one eye. A footprint of Rags in ink appears in a copy of his biography which the Division sent to the Imperial War Museum, London, to lie beside the records of other war heroes.

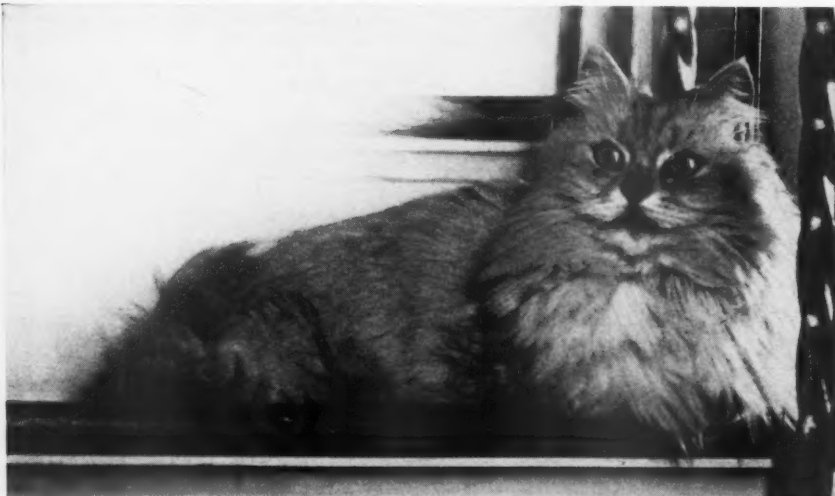
About 7,000 war dogs lost their lives between 1914 and 1918, and a monument to them stands in the Hartsdale Canine Cemetery, New York. There is a huge block of granite surmounted by a lone figure of an Alsatian, which bears the simple inscription: "To the memory of the War Dog . . . Man's Most Faithful Friend—for Valiant Services Rendered in the World War."

Dogs of Turkey

S. LOUISE STOCKWELL

As I visited in Turkey I was much impressed by the number and value of Turkish dogs. Every city and village has its horde of yellowish, shaggy-haired dogs, about the size of our collies. They lie outside of stone houses and mud huts, ready to devour the refuse that is thrown out into the gutters. Without these dogs sanitary conditions would be much more hazardous than they are. It has been said that these dogs are without names and without masters, but recognize their own exclusive right to their own village or precinct. A dog that ventured to intrude into a territory not his own would fare ill indeed. As in my travels I approached a village I found the barking of the many village dogs a frightening sound. But I learned that these dogs of Turkey bark merely to announce the approach of strangers and will not attack them.

Don't accept the view that any dog should have clipped ears. Clipping ears is illegal in Massachusetts and some other states.



A THOROUGHbred IN PENSIVE POSE

"Jerry"

M. D. W.

*There are no black hairs on the tablecloth
nor*

*Salt and pepper spilled on the floor
Because Jerry is dead.*

*I don't have to be careful where I walk
Because you used to wind yourself
Between my legs.*

*I can read in peace now because there is no
Little tiger kitten forever climbing
In my lap.*

*Your playful claws have made their mark
Deep in my heart, where no Human
Has ever been.*

*I don't blame the car so much; my little
black baby*

Was so dark, and the road at night—

Oh "Jerry," if I hadn't put you out!

*You were so warm and sleepy in my lap
And I picked you up and put you outside
Because it was easier.*

*And now I miss you so, that home seems
unbearable*

*Without you, and it seems that I must find
you*

Just around the corner

Or waiting at the screen door and crying.

*Wherever you are, little Jerry, I want you
to know*

That I loved you, miss you and want you so.

To the Dog

In time of grief and care he is an incomparable companion; in peril of fire or theft, flood and drowning, as guardian of youth and the aged, leader of the blind, helpmate to the halt, the lame and the palsied, he is unfailingly reliable. The lives he has saved, and the calamities he has averted present a glowing record of heroism which is all too frequently saddened by the sacrifice of his own life in standing firmly by his high ideals. In poverty and plenty, in joy and grief, in every relationship of life, he is constant, faithful and true.

WILLIAM HOSTER

Please remember the Massachusetts S. P.
C. A. when making your will.

Turkey Gossip—Mostly Friendly

NORMAN C. SCHLICHTER

ONLY those of us who are fortunate enough to have wild turkey for our Thanksgiving dinners will know what the turkey our Pilgrim Fathers ate at their famous Plymouth dinner, was like.

In their day the wild birds were legion in the densely wooded New England country. So were they clear down in Porto Rico and its neighboring islands and in Mexico.

Columbus and his crew must have had many a wild turkey feast, and the Spanish invaders who followed them sent the wild birds to Europe as early as the seventeenth century. In 1555 Archbishop Cranmer, in England, had two turkeys as part of a banquet he tells of. He even tells of their price, which was not high, and so proves that wild turkeys were plentiful in English markets that long ago. In 1566 we get mention of them in French chronicles.

I wonder how many readers have had a chance to see these beautiful creatures. I have seen them a good many times in the mountains of West Virginia, and there are a few yet to be found in my native Pennsylvania, but Arizona is now the best place in our land to see them in all their regal splendor. Protected well by the wild mountain reaches in this state the birds have a good chance there to survive for a good while to come.

They display their wonderful colorings best in bright sunlight. This brings out fully their prevailing tint, bronze green, and their other conspicuous colors, dull gold, deep black, chestnut and dazzling red, and white. The female birds are smaller than the males and their plumage lacks the luster of the latter.

All the species known are descended from our North American species with the scientific name, *Meleagris gallopavo*, whose remains have been traced back to the Quaternary age. Thus these American birds were waiting the coming of our Pilgrim Fathers for tens of thousands of years.

The domestic turkey which most of us eat we owe to Europe, and we now have six varieties to choose from for our tables, the Bronze, the Narragansett, the White, the Buff, the Slate, and the Black. Of these the first two named are the largest birds, and the Black is the least popular.

The domestic turkeys, many of which are grown all round where I live in southeastern Pennsylvania, move in bands. They can fly very well for their size and they are very swift runners. They like best to roost in trees, but they are now too valuable for their growers to give them this enjoyment. These characteristics are all survivals of the habits of the wild species from which the tame birds have been developed.

The only unfriendly gossip I shall indulge in concerns turkey mentality. This is not nearly up to this bird's beauty. Turkeys are easily lured into traps by imitation calls. The Pilgrims soon found this out and resorted to trapping instead of shooting.

Owing to the many and great hardships of their pioneer life which the Pilgrims had to endure I am sure none of us will envy them for having had Thanksgiving turkeys superior to the ones we enjoy so much.

Butterflies

FRANCES G. BROMLEY

*Butterflies wear velvet gowns
When swaying on the reeds,
Gowns trimmed with brilliant spangles
And rows of jet-black beads.*

*Butterflies are touched with gold
Upon their gauzy wings
That gleam like sparkling sunbeams
On their airy journeyings.*

*Butterflies sip honeyed tea
From Canterbury cup.
They taste of clover nectar,
And stop to drink and sup.*

*Butterflies then go to sleep
On dainty mignonettes,
They dream of courting daisies,
The velvet clad coquettes.*

Napoleon and Animals

H. O. STECHAN

IN all your long career as a soldier, Sire, what was the most memorable experience?" General Bertrand asked Napoleon Bonaparte one evening, as the noted French exiles gathered for a social hour at Longwood on St. Helena, shortly before his death.

"After we defeated the Austrians at Marengo, twenty odd years ago," the Corsican replied promptly. "I was riding across the corpse-covered battlefield with an aide, as I always did following each engagement, to survey the carnage and destruction.

"It was a balmy Italian moonlit night. Suddenly, we came upon a small dog, mourning over the body of his dead master in an enemy uniform. The animal moaned broken-heartedly, as I have never heard a human-being grieve, before or since.

"As we drew nearer, the little tyke crawled toward us and then dashed back to lick the soldier's cold face lovingly. In the next moment, he returned with a spine-chilling howl and looked up with the saddest eyes I have ever beheld, as if beseeching me to avenge his master's death. He begged unmistakably for help."

L'Empereur emphasized, his Memoirs record, that no incident in any campaign ever made so deep an impression on him—the man who had fought sixty major battles, countless minor ones, and had had nineteen horses shot and killed under him in action.

"I could not help thinking," Napoleon mused, "here lies this poor fellow, forsaken by all but his dog. What a profound lesson Nature presents therein, through the medium of a bereft animal! In his great love, I'm sure that dog exceeded anything I ever felt or did.

"Yet, such is man and what a secret his moods enfold! With tearless eyes I have viewed calmly vast military operations by which thousands of my countrymen were sacrificed. But only the whimpering of a pitiful, lonesome pup stirred my feelings unforgettably—and that was not his own loved pet, just a strange, grieving little mongrel. Mystifiedly, the fallen leader shook his head.

Unknown to most people, Napoleon took

a deep interest in all members of the animal kingdom. In later years, after man had proved faithless, he gave much time to studying the conduct and actions of birds and beasts, even fishes and insects. On Solomon's advice: "Go to the ant, thou slug-gard; consider her ways and be wise!" the would-be world conqueror of the last century observed intently the communal life of these tiny, indefatigable workers.

"Their persistence is more than an instinct," he declared. "It manifests real intelligence, and their social co-operation is an example of model statesmanship."

"Oh, were men only as united for the common good," Napoleon sighed. "The wisdom of ants and that little dog lamenting over his dead master at Marengo convince me that what we so patronizingly call 'the lower animals' are much closer to their Creator than human beings. We can learn a great deal from them, if we only will."

A Good Spring Worker

W. M.

The Bonaparte or rosy gull is perhaps the smallest of the gull family. Its head and throat are slate-colored and neck and parts of tail are slate-colored. Back and wings gray. Wings are marked with black and white, legs and feet red and bill black. It roams over the eastern half of the United States and nests in Canada, migrates to the south but sometimes winters in the north. I have seen it skim over plowed fields in the early spring morning, catching grubs, beetles and sometimes small mice with its long, strong bill, and I could not see that it even touched the ground. For this reason although it does not stay with us long, it is of great value to the farmer. Its nest is usually in bushes and low trees. It lays three or four olive-colored eggs, spotted with dark splashes, which are seldom found by humans. It is one of the most interesting of birds and deserves protection as well as respect.

A Nebraska correspondent writes of *Our Dumb Animals*: "It is a most wonderful paper, and through its splendid work is doing great good for God's helpless creatures—an opportunity presented to children to learn how to care for their dumb friends and playmates."



POTENT PRODUCERS OF LIFE-SUSTAINING FOOD

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

CARE OF THE DOG, Will Judy.

One of the best known authorities on all matters relating to the dog, author of many popular books and editor of *Dog World Magazine*, presents another small but meaty volume of great value, especially to the layman dog owner.

A great many well-meaning but inexperienced possessors of dogs have felt the need of just such information and advice as this latest book contains. It tells in plain and practical language not only the kind of dog best suited to the individual owner, but also where purchased, how reared, housed, trained, exercised and kept healthy and happy.

How important is the matter of foods and feeding too few of the dogs' owners realize or understand. Over-indulgence is a common mistake, which, though prompted by the spirit of kindness, results in much harm to the dog. Along this line the author says: "As long as there are dogs, particularly doting owners and overly-kind owners, there will be constant need of books on the care, health and handling of dogs."

In presenting this helpful book with its thirty-eight chapters and some seventy-odd interesting pen sketches, Captain Judy has rendered another fine service in behalf of the dog world.

96 pp. \$1. Judy Publishing Co., Chicago.

UNDER THE CAPSTONE, A TALE OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS, Alfred S. Campbell.

This delightful story takes the reader to the fascinating island of Guernsey in the English Channel, which Mr. Campbell, a frequent contributor to *Our Dumb Animals*, knows so well. Here two boys and a girl have many exciting adventures searching among the ancient ruins for buried treasure. It is not definitely an animal story although an occasional horse and cow wander into its pages, and the dog "Dodo" is important enough to have an entire chapter devoted to him. For the early teen age this tale will prove both exciting and educational. There are illustrations by Frank Dobias.

234 pp. \$2. D. Appleton-Century Company, New York and London.

The Jack London Club, with 783,544 members, was organized to try to stop cruelties in connection with trained animal acts. Write to 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, for information.

The Band of Mercy

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Two hundred and thirty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during September. Of these, 78 were in Florida, 84 in Illinois, 54 in North Carolina, 12 in Georgia, and one each in California, Minnesota, Philippine Islands and South Carolina.

Total number of Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 252,655.

Thanksgiving

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

*For every welcoming canine bark;
For bird songs filled with hope and cheer;
For cozy purrs and friendly meows
Of feline creatures small and dear;
For rabbits with their gentle eyes;
For squirrels frisking at their play;
And for the trust which they inspire—
We all should give our thanks today.*

The Boy who Loved Birds

KATHLEEN BLAKE

WAS he French,—was he American, this John Audubon whose book on birds now sells for five thousand dollars a copy? For his mother was Spanish, his father an officer in the French navy. He was born in Louisiana while it was part of France, then he moved to the West Indies, then to France.

From boyhood he escaped school at every chance to gather queer stones in the woods, and moss, and to draw pictures of the birds. Because he thought his work poor, he called the drawings, "cripples," and every birthday made a big bonfire of the past year's cripples, immediately setting to work to paint better ones.

When John was seventeen, his father despairing of his success in either army or navy sent him to the Audubon farm in America, near Philadelphia. Here with rents sufficient to support him, John hunted, fished, rode horseback, and drew and drew. He also married his neighbor's daughter, Lucy Bakewell. At his father-in-law's insistence, he went into business in New York and failed. He started a store in Kentucky and failed, as with a steamboat, a mill.

"The forest calls me," he told Lucy. "I want to make the woodpecker, the gorgeous rose-breasted grosbeak live for others, under my brush."

"You will, John," she declared with a faith that never failed even though, at times, she had to support herself and their boys.

To earn money for the engraving of his drawings, Audubon stuffed animals for a Cincinnati museum, taught drawing, painted



PEACE, HAPPINESS, CONTENTMENT!

portraits. At last he and Lucy had earned five thousand dollars. But, alas, they found no American engraver competent to do the work. Audubon must go to England. He laboriously collected a hundred and fifty subscribers to finance the hundred thousand dollar work, and then found no publisher would touch it. He must publish it himself.

He worked from dawn to dusk, then peddled still-wet canvases to get money for his undertaking. Back in America he left his family and disappeared into the wilds for months, following birds into swamps, in scorching heat, in soaking rain, in bitter cold. Once he lay on his back for three weeks watching a pair of warblers. It took him four years to get a specimen of the splendid Washington eagle first seen from a Mississippi river boat.

He finished each exhausting day with a journal entry,—colorful bits about dark forests, matted canebrakes, gloomy swamps, mighty rivers, flood and earthquake and storm; about backwoodsmen and "lumberjacks," Labrador fishermen and Indians. These became the text for his "Birds of America," after a century, still the world's finest.

Hardships lay not only in collecting his material. Once on a Mississippi steamer, exploding gunpowder ruined his box of sketches. Another box, left with a friend, was ruined by rats. It took Audubon three years to duplicate them.

They call it "elephant folio," this book of one thousand and sixty-five life-size birds. In it we see birds swooping on their prey, hunting food, cuddled in nests, caring for young. A complete set now sells for five thousand dollars.

Better times came to the Audubons. They got out later successful books. They built the house they'd dreamed of in the little triangle between Riverside Drive and the Hudson. And their work goes on. There are over a hundred Audubon societies today which teach young people to hunt with cameras and not with slings and guns.

Remember the free illustrated lecture on animals by Thornton W. Burgers at Boston Public Library, Sunday, April 20, 1941, at 3:30 P. M.

Autumn Flight

BURNHAM EATON

*Red-winged blackbirds winging
Through the autumn chill,
Empty nests are clinging
In rushes lone and still.*

*Frosty brooks and rivers
Whisper, "It grows late."
Not a marsh-reed quivers
With a red-wing's weight.*

*Friends, enjoy your play-day
On southern shore and lea.
We'll hear again next May-Day
Your hearty "kong-quereee!"*

Homeless Cats in England

RAN TERSEN

ALMOST dwarfed by the colossal problem of caring for evacuees and refugees, the plight of deserted household pets has passed almost unnoticed in war-torn Europe. But the needs of thousands of wandering cats who were abandoned when the war started and people were evacuated from their homes, have not gone unheeded by one cat-lover, Mrs. Ruby Morgan of Godolphan Road, Sloughs, England. This humanely inclined woman has been a real friend to these four-footed war refugees by opening a "casual ward" to care for their comfort.

By day, the door of her home is open and they can enter, get a drink and a meal and sleep on the warm sacking provided for their rest. At night, a garden shed is open to the late-comers and serves as a dormitory. The cats know they can get free board and lodging and they come regularly to the sanctuary, resting, eating and then departing. Some even return with new "members" to this odd war-haven.

Such true devotion to the cause of humane treatment for abandoned animals should not go unmentioned even in times when greater events seem to overshadow all else.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



INTERRUPTED AT DINNER-TIME

By Francis H. Stevens, Waverley, Mass.
Prize winner in recent contest of *Our Dumb Animals*

Squirrel Song

E. HOPE KERR

*I heard a little squirrel chirr
A song of autumn leaves;
Of many toothsome butternuts,—
And grain in golden sheaves.*

*He sang of bubbles in a brook;
Of autumn's golden sun;
And once I overheard him say
That life is such good fun.*

*He chirred his little tuneless song
As back and forth he trod,—
A song of "squirrel-thankfulness"
Unto his Forest God.*

Answers to "Hidden Birds" puzzle last month: 1. Condor.
2. Stork. 3. Crane. 4. Thrush. 5. Wren. 6. Grouse. 7. Heron.
8. Linnet. 9. Albatross.

"Betty" the Mischievous Coon

C. H. HUEY

BETTY" is a pet coon belonging to Frank Pate of Waycross, Georgia. Her mother was killed by some dogs, so Betty and two other orphans were brought to Frank's home. He gave the little coons to a mother dog to care for. They at once became friendly with the puppies but as their claws were sharp the mother dog resented their presence. So Frank taught them to drink from a bottle like a baby.

Betty grew up to be outstanding in intelligence among the other coons, so Frank turned the others loose and kept her for a pet. She is mischievous and will pull bottles and other things down from shelves. A hole was cut in the door for her and she goes in and out as she pleases. Frank had to put a wire in place of string on the latch to his door for Betty would break the string. Some nights, if she gets cold during the night, she will crawl into bed and curl up beside some member of the family. Usually, she sleeps in her box.

Betty likes to romp and play with the dogs. One night the dogs went off and Betty strayed off with them. Frank wondered if she were lost. Far into the night the dogs came home. Betty came with them, came into the house and crawled into her box.

She will answer to a whistle call from her master. She could leave if she wanted to do so but she loves her master. Once, when Betty was with the dogs they treed another coon. Frank looked up the tree. There was Betty out on a limb playing with the wild coon. Frank whistled and she came down.

Betty is still finicky and likes to wash the meat she is going to eat. This is a natural habit with all coons.

The Queer Birds

ALFRED I. TOOKE

THIS is not an inventory, but a list of bird names. The letters in each name have been jumbled up, but if you can get them back into proper order, you will know what birds they are. Can you?

- | | |
|--------------------|----------------------|
| 1. ONE PIG | 10. NINE L T |
| 2. ONE DIG W | 11. TEN RAG A |
| 3. TWO DIG | 12. TEN RIB T |
| 4. TWO HE BIB | 13. TEN HAS PA |
| 5. THREE COY CARTS | 14. SOME DARK LAW |
| 6. THREE AS RAW | 15. SOME WELL HAY MR |
| 7. SIX WAG N W | 16. NO CARROT M |
| 8. EIGHT LAG IN N | 17. NO BILL SOP |
| 9. NINE UP G | 18. NO CORD |

Correct answers will be found on this page next month.

Don't tie a dog to his kennel. If you must confine him, have the end of the leash secured to a long wire, where he can have the run of at least twenty or thirty feet.

The Red Fox

JUDY VAN DER VEER

*We rode up the river trail,
The trees were all aglow,
We rode up the river trail
When the sun was low.*

*The purple mountains looked not far,
The near fields held the light,
We rode up the river trail
When all the land was bright.*

*So bright it was that when we saw
A red fox on the trail,
His coat was vivid as a flame,
His tail a comet's tail.*

*He moved across the river trail
Unafraid and slow,
He was descended from the sun,
He was the sun's hot glow.*

*He stepped into a tangled growth
Beside the river's shore,
The shadows took him then and he
Was like a fire no more.*

Humane Forces at Omaha

WESTERN hospitality at its best was demonstrated at Omaha, Nebraska, during the five-day sessions of the sixty-fourth annual meeting of the American Humane Association, at Hotel Paxton, September 23-27. Officers and directors of the Nebraska Humane Society did all in their power to make the occasion a memorable one for the delegates who represented all sections of the country. On the sight-seeing trip, Tuesday afternoon, a visit was made to the headquarters and splendid shelter of the local Society, followed by an inspection of the Joss Memorial, one of the handsomest buildings of its kind in the country, and then by a tour to Boys' Town where Father Flanagan met the visitors who were shown over this justly famous institution. Then came the "tea" at the luxurious home of President Gould Dietz, which proved to be a royal reception indeed. At a Conference luncheon, Thursday, many of the delegates had the pleasure of listening to Father Flanagan who spoke of his own work and of the deplorable situation in many of the reform schools.

At the sessions devoted to children's work, Monday and Tuesday, a variety of subjects were presented by experts. On Monday evening a dinner meeting was held, with an inspiring address by Cullen Wright, Sand-hill philosopher from Nebraska, and a demonstration of folk dances by a group from the South Side Social Settlement.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were devoted to work for animals. Much enthusiasm was aroused in behalf of lessening the cruelties to animals in moving pictures, when Mr. Richard C. Craven, Western regional director of the Association, told of his experiences in Hollywood in working to secure the good will of the producers. Several of the largest companies have agreed to stop the use of the cruel "running-W," a device to throw horses suddenly. Much progress has been made already as to a better understanding with the producers and the humane societies.

C. E. Harbison, kennel editor of the Conde Nast Publications, New York, discussed dog control in all its aspects and advocated restraint of dogs as the surest remedy to prevent rabies. R. A. Frew, of the King County Humane Society, Seattle, Wash., told of the workings of the ordinance for licensing cats in that city. About 7,000 cats out of a total of several times that number are now licensed through the Society. On Wednesday evening there was a dinner meeting, with an illustrated lecture on "Western Wonderlands," by Dr. J. Richard Olson.

Papers on meeting the public, community animal organizations, and the preparation of an annual report, were given, respectively, by Miss Vera Giesecker, of the Humane Society of Missouri, St. Louis; President August Orthmann, of the Wisconsin Humane Society, Milwaukee; and Dr. W. A. Young, of the Anti-Cruelty Society, Chicago.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to livestock problems, with a series of addresses by representatives of the National Livestock Loss Prevention Board. Films were shown, and there was a demonstration by a first prize winning team of 4-H Club boys. In the evening Edward N. Skipper of the Pennsylvania S. P. C. A., Philadelphia, gave an address on Humane Education and exhibited sample films used in his work in the schools. An original film, showing kind treatment of dogs and produced by the King County Humane Society of Seattle, was also shown.

On Friday Red Star reports were presented by Arnold M. Amundsen of the Humane Society of Missouri, and "Standards for Animal Protection Societies" by Eric H. Hansen of the American Humane Association. The final session was an open forum conducted by Charles W. Friedrichs, secretary of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., where a variety of animal problems were discussed.

By vote of the directors it was decided to hold the next meeting in Hollywood, California, in the fall of 1941.

New Leaflet by Dr. Rowley

President Francis H. Rowley has written a new leaflet, under the title, "Humane Education and Spiritual Values," which was suggested by the announced ideals of the Parent-Teacher Association. This is for free distribution and it is hoped that all connected with the work of the Parent-Teachers will receive a copy. Send to 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, stating the number you can use to advantage.

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Our Dumb Animals

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All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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